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THE
BIRTH AND TRIUMPH
OF
LOVE.

A Poem.

BY
SIR JAMES BLAND LAMB, BART.

WITH THE
ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE.

ENGRAVED BY P. W. TOMKINS,

Historical Engraver to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte.

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TO THE READER.

IT has been suggested to the Author, by some eminent literary friends, that he ought not to withhold from his readers a short composition, on the subject of the following Poem, by the late Dean of Westminster, which, though highly flattering to himself, is no less creditable to the talents and taste of that distinguished scholar. In complying with this suggestion, he presumes to hope that he shall not be charged with an undue degree of vanity, in giving, with the Dean's Poem, the Letter by which it was accompanied, as, without the latter, the purport of the former might not, perhaps, be clearly understood.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. VINCENT
TO SIR J. B. BURGES.

DEAR SIR,

As it is difficult to praise a poet without flattery, I will confine my thanks to you for the communication of your poem to deeds, rather than words. In the first place, I read the whole with pleasure, and it is the first allegorical poem I ever read from beginning to ending in my life. Secondly, I buy no books of expense, but I have bought the plates to your's; and, thirdly, I will take your subject for a Copy of Verses at the Election, which I will execute in the best manner my attention and abilities will allow. And now (according to the oriental formula of epistolary correspondence) what can I say more? Begging you, therefore, to accept my thanks and those of Mrs. V. I have only to wish, that your muse may have found as gracious a reception from the fair Elizabeth, as from

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

W. VINCENT.

Dean's Yard.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ELECTION AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,
 BY THE MOST REV. WILLIAM VINCENT, D.D.
 DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor.

Lusus docta leves, roseique Cupidinis ortum
 Pinxisse artifici, dulcis ELIZA, manu,
 Salve, progenies regum ! Tibi, nympha, corollam,
 Artis Apellæe gloria prima, fero.
 En ubi disrupto liquidum super æthera nimbo
 Nascentis pueri membra pusilla jacent.
 Ut primùm erigitur, pedibus titubantibus ægrè
 Fertur, et explorat providus ante viam.
 Mox humeros sentit geminis decorarier alis,
 Continudque levem tendit in alta fugam.
 Deserit inde polum, reperitque his advena terris
 Arcumque, et pucro spicula digna deo ;
 Et reperit, fertur dum lætos Erro per agros,
 Venanti prædam cor juvenile datum.
 Confestim telo pueriliter instruit arcum ;
 Heu, missa incassum ! fracta sagitta cadit.
 Quid faciat ? Dum saxa iterum rupesque pererrat,
 En gemina in summo stat nova præda jugo.

Quò tamen ascendat, quò stagna patentia circum
 Fœtentesque gravi tranet odore lacus ?
Spes subit.—Ille deæ vectus sublimior alis
 Spicula per medium cor (nec aberrat) agit.
Quas igitur lauros, quos non parat inde triumphos,
 Quantusque in curru victor ad astra redit ?
Hæc operâ depicta tuâ, nitidissima nympa !
 Vidimus. Ah sit Hymen, sit tibi faustus Amor !

FOR the accommodation of those fair readers who may condescend to honour this volume with a perusal, it has been judged expedient to annex a Translation of the foregoing elegant composition.

Hail, Royal Maiden ! by whose plastic hand
 Were Cupid's birth and first achievements plann'd ;
 Illustrious leader of the graphic train !
 To accept from me this votive chaplet deign.

From a disparting cloud, 'mid skies serene,
 Lo ! where the form of new-born Love is seen.
 Gently himself he rears ; with footsteps weak
 See him his way as yet uncertain seek.
 Soon from each shoulder burst forth pinions light :
 Forthwith aloft he wings his airy flight ;
 High heav'n he quits, and, 'lighting here below,
 Celestial arms receives, his dart and bow.
 While o'er the plains his pastime he pursues,
 Two Hearts, his prey legitimate, he views.
 His bow he bends—a fruitless aim he takes—
 Harmless the arrow flies—it falls—it breaks.
 What may he do ?—Straight on a tow'ring rock
 Th' insulting Hearts his idle efforts mock.

Vain seem his efforts. How the wide morass,
The foul mephitic vapour, can he pass?
Hope lends her aid. By her upborne he flies;
Both Hearts, transfix'd, become his glorious prize.
What laurell'd trophies now, what triumphs high
Await the victor in his native sky!

Such was the tale, fair Nymph! thine art supplied.
May Love and Hymen o'er thy fate preside!

J. B. L.

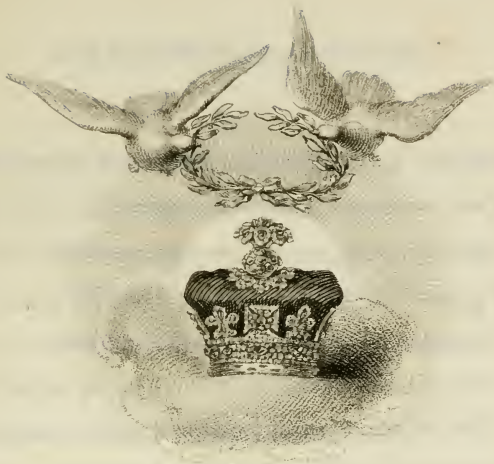
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THE BIRTH AND TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CANTO I.

1.

OF Love I sing—not of that treach'rous Boy
To whom the impure Venus erst gave birth,
Whose venom'd shafts empoison mortal joy,
Confounding honour, virtue, rank, and worth ;
Whose midnight orgies stamp on lawless mirth
The forged image of celestial pleasure,
Drawing from heav'n the soul of man to earth,
With foul alloy debasing purest treasure—
That Boy, and that Boy's deeds shall not pollute my
measure !

6.

And shall we not the great effect declare?
And shall we not th' Eternal's goodness sing?
Arise, my soul! the grateful song prepare,
The heart's triumphant homage gladly bring.
From empyrean heav'n on seraph's wing
Let angels waft to nature's verge the sound;
O'er night's dark empire and day's gladsome spring
Let the full choir proclaim to worlds around
"Creation's first great work the Birth of Love has
crown'd!"

7.

Thrice hail the happy moment, when on high
The sov'reign voice pronounc'd the blest decree:
Shouts of angelic triumph rent the sky,
And loud proclaim'd th' approaching mystery;
Seraphic hosts transported bent the knee,
And silent waited the eventful hour,
When from th' eternal Fiat they should see
Thro' boundless space a new creation tow'r,
And unknown worlds submit to Love's directing pow'r.



BIRTH.

8.

Wond'ring they saw a distant vapour rise
Thro' the clear regions of immortal day;
They view'd it mounting to the midway skies,
And thick condensing hold it's destin'd way:
Till, felt the influence of the plastic ray,
Straight was it's size enlarg'd, more bright it's hue;
All nature smil'd, the face of heav'n was gay,
When off to air dissolv'd the vapour flew,
And the young Cherub Love stood first confess'd to
view.

9.

Ah! who can tell the charms of Infant Love!
His mild transporting beauties who can speak!
The lily's white, the softness of the dove,
The rose's blush compar'd, are poor and weak.
Immortal traits to sing the bard should seek
Immortal aid; Love's hand alone can trace
Love's charms: the front serene, the dimpled cheek,
The soul-expressive eye, the jocund face,
And ev'ry limb impress'd with elegance and grace.

10.

Awhile, as if entranc'd, he gaz'd around :
He mov'd, and heav'n with unknown radiance gleam'd ;
He spoke, and list'ning angels hail'd the sound ;
He smil'd, and universal nature beam'd.
By Infant Love subdu'd creation seem'd :
And Time transported all his pow'r confess'd ;
Of present joys and future bliss he dream'd,
Of constant hearts with lasting union bless'd ;
Then fondly clasp'd the Cherub to his glowing breast.

11.

As when, from parent fountain first discharg'd,
The silver Thames pursues his new-born course,
His narrow pebbly bed with rushes marg'd
Scarce feels the influence of his humid source ;
He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
Thro' fertile vales his ample waters glide,
And 'twixt his banks maintain a wide divorce ;
While Britain's sons to his expanse confide
The floating tow'rs which form their bulwark and their
pride.



GOING ALONE.

12.

Thus feeble were at first the pow'rs of Love.
His soft round limbs had yet to learn their use :
If latent vigour prompted him to move,
He felt his infant legs their aid refuse.
But falls on æther could not much misuse
Ethereal substance: quickly stronger grown,
No more his weak attempts his hopes abuse;
With native grace his playful tricks are shown,
He tries—he steps—he shouts to find he goes alone.

13.

Pure silv'ry curls his polish'd forehead deck,
Skirt his encrimson'd cheeks with modest grace,
And hang enamour'd o'er his ivory neck:
The smile of ecstasy illumines his face;
His looks, his steps, proclaim his heav'nly race;
While the bright lustre of his liquid eye
Insidious tempts the fond regard to trace
The thousand charms which there in ambush lie—
To catch one blissful glance, then pine, perhaps, and die.

14.

But his free spirit no such perils fear'd ;
Gaily he tript, around diffusing joy :
Where'er he turn'd, the face of heav'n was cheer'd,
And sportive Cherubs flock'd to join the Boy.
He taught the day in fresh delights t' employ :
Now, to outstrip fleet Time he'd show his pow'rs ;
And then, with playful wantonness, decoy
Thro' many an artful maze the rosy Hours,
To weave with him the dance beneath celestial bow'rs.

15.

Such were the pastimes of his earlier days.
Such pastimes well his earlier days became :
For still the soul the body's growth obeys,
Still to innocuous mirth youth lays a claim.
In vain would age youth's gen'rous ardour tame !
Spring's genial warmth the sap may cause to flow,
And summer's sun the well-form'd mass may frame ;
Autumn alone the ripen'd fruit can shew.
The course of nature still is regular and slow.

16.

When heedless infancy to youth gave way,
His mind expanded as his body grew.
To sportive gambol and discursive play
No more with eager appetite he flew:
They wore no longer novelty's fresh hue;
The airy phantoms of the hour were flown.
To taste the ev'ning's calm or morning's dew,
Far from his festive bands he'd stray alone,
And sigh he knew not why for blisses yet unknown.

17.

Oft, when his lab'ring bosom panted high,
The tear of transport would his eye suffuse;
Half-fashioned forms would o'er his fancy fly,
And joys uncertain his fond soul abuse.
Nor did he soon the strong impression lose.
Half pleas'd, half wond'ring, would the anxious boy
On the gay scenes around him pensive muse:
But ah! no more they fill'd his breast with joy;
For nought he saw which might his rising pow'rs employ.

18.

And oft reflecting on th' eventful change,
And still unconscious whence it might arise,
His active mind o'er nature's works would range
With tasteless apathy and mute surprise.
In vain to fix his wand'ring soul he tries;
In vain he listens to the tuneful choir,
Or marks th' harmonious system of the skies:
To more congenial bliss his thoughts aspire,
Where consentaneous souls unite with fond desire.

19.

Ah! how sublime the Pow'r that rules the will
In strong obedience to His high behest,
Who makes wild passion his behest fulfil,
And stamps His precepts on the conscious breast,
Who leads the eagle to his craggy nest,
And guides the sea-fowl thro' it's trackless flight
Secure in tempests and 'midst horrors blest;
By whom instructed prowls the bird of night,
And taught by whom the lark salutes returning light!

20.

Nor less did Love His genial guidance know.
His op'ning soul receiv'd th' inspiring ray,
Felt the new animating transport flow,
Instinctively which prompted his essay
O'er all created things t' assert his sway,
And o'er wide space his influence bland impart.
Proceed we to attend him on his way,
When, led by pow'r divine, his matchless art
Fulfill'd his great design, and triumph'd o'er the heart.

21.

The great Creator, who the impulse plants,
The means of it's direction ne'er denies:
Our pow'rs he well proportions to our wants,
And to fulfil his purpose strength supplies.
Then let us bow to Him, all good, all wise,
Who taught young Love to guide his wishes weak,
And gave the Arms by which he gain'd his prize:
Nor deem the song too bold, which thus dares seek
In rude and humble verse such myst'ries high to speak.

22.

As thro' the azure fields of heav'n's domain
He bent his course, deep musing as he stray'd,
His teeming bosom fill'd with anxious pain
How the strong impulse might be best obey'd,
Two unknown forms before him were display'd,
Smooth gliding thro' the bright expanse of sky,
In all the rainbow's gorgeous tints array'd:
Suspended for a while, and pois'd on high,
By slow degrees they sink, till at his feet they lie.

23.

The one a strange fantastic shape appear'd,
Which from its centre inward made a bend,
The while, as if too close a touch it fear'd,
It backward strove to turn at either end,
Unheedful of what thence was seen append
In guise of cord, which playing loosely wav'd
In the cool gales that thro' heav'n's courts ascend:
On either side, and all around, engrav'd
Were mystic symbols seen of free-born hearts enslav'd.



FINDS HIS BOW AND ARROW.

24.

Th' attendant form, which by the other lay,
Seem'd still more strange in all it's properties.
It's taper length, straight as a solar ray,
Was shap'd at either end in diff'rent wise:
At one, with plumes array'd of lustrous dies,
And tints as various as the morning dew
Ere into vapour drawn it mounting flies;
While th' other, tipp'd with ore of burnish'd hue,
From barbed base to point acutely less'ning drew.

25.

Love saw them fall, and stood in mute amaze,
Uncertain what they were, or whence arose
Such prodigy: nor idly did he gaze;
For now his heart the secret 'gan disclose,
And trace the cause of all his former throes:
He hop'd that fate would now propitious grow,
Nor more the object of his birth oppose.
Swiftly he caught them up, resolv'd to shew
How Love could well employ his Arrow and his Bow.

26.

He twang'd the cord, the pliant bow he bent,
And pois'd the arrow in his ready hand;
As if employ'd on some sublime intent
His new-found arms with earnestness he scann'd.
Full many an enterprise he fondly plann'd:
Now, as to conquest he would proudly go;
Now, stopping short, in mute suspense would stand;
Unconscious yet of object or of foe,
Still would his varying steps his mind's disquiet shew.

27.

As the tall ship, which fram'd with wondrous art
O'er ocean's deep abyss sublime can glide,
Ne'er may in safety from it's port depart,
Or o'er the foaming waves majestic ride,
Until the pilot's skill it's motions guide:
So, tho' Love's breast with fond impatience swell'd,
He felt that much remain'd to be supplied;
Fears undefin'd his rising hopes repell'd,
And visionary doubts his fancied triumphs quell'd.



TRYING HIS ARROW.



DREAMS THERE IS A WORLD.

28.

Hence learn, ye Fair! when o'er your feeling hearts
The first fond impulse of affection flies,
That purest pleasures are not free from smarts.
Ah! grow in time from Love's example wise:
Learn that with passion's smiles are mingled sighs,
That sweetest roses bear the sharpest thorn.
Watch then the soft impressions as they rise;
To wisdom's call attend in life's gay morn,
So shall Love's purest joys your cloudless day adorn.

29.

Tir'd by the conflict which oppress'd his mind,
Love sought repose. His languid limbs outspread
On soft ethereal couch, he lay reclin'd:
One hand a little rais'd his drooping head;
While from the other hung his arms so dread,
With feeble and half-conscious grasp retain'd:
But, as approaching sleep his influence shed,
And o'er his frame relax'd dominion gain'd,
They fell, and at his feet confusedly remain'd.

30.

Sweet are the slumbers of reposing Love.
While softest gales amid his tresses play,
Sport with his curls, and o'er his forehead rove,
Light fanning Zephyrs grateful homage pay,
Diffusing perfumes round him as he lay :
And far-revolving spheres, in union sweet,
With endless harmony, now grave, now gay,
In wondrous heav'nly diapason meet,
To lull their master's soul and his repose to greet.

31.

While thus in sleep profound were clos'd his eyes,
With visions undisturb'd his soul was bless'd ;
For from ambrosial food no fumes arise
To cloud his senses, agitate his breast,
Or fancy's unincumber'd course arrest.
In airy dreams his spirit ranging free
Thro' nature's limits made it's ample quest ;
O'er all created things it now would flee,
Then with prophetic pow'r unveil futurity.

32.

He saw thro' lucid realms of boundless space
Unnumber'd suns their certain course pursue,
By laws invariable their circuits trace,
For ever devious, yet for ever true;
While each by strong attraction's impulse drew
A countless host of planets, lending light
To all in order and proportion due:
Myriads of worlds, call'd by creative might
From darkness undefin'd and wide-extended night.

33.

As o'er the scene sublime his fancy ran,
Vainly he sought—for who can comprehend?—
Of Nature's God the great mysterious plan:
What pow'r might all these floating orbs suspend;
What guiding force might on their paths attend
To check and govern gravitation's laws.
Thro' the vast system as his thoughts ascend,
They trace in all His works th' Eternal Cause,
Whose word directs the whole, and to one centre draws.

34.

While thus he pond'red in devotion lost,
A form angelic, rob'd in purest light,
To his rapt soul appear'd. Sublime he cross'd
With outspread wing the empyrean height,
And seem'd tow'rds him to urge his rapid flight.
Love hail'd him as he flew, nor hail'd in vain :
Yet, as descended slow the vision bright,
The dazzling radiance scarce could he sustain ;
He felt th' extreme of bliss was near allied to pain.

35.

Approaching now, with well-pois'd wing outspread
The Seraph smiling bent his downward way,
And hover'd round the spot where Love was laid.
As when the lark, inspir'd by morning's ray,
Mounts on fresh wing to meet the new-born day,
Suspended in mid-air, with liquid note,
She pours to Nature's God the grateful lay,
With echoing hymns of praise she strains her throat,
While rising gales to heav'n the pleasing tribute float.

36.

With flight arrested so the Seraph hung :
Nor less delightful to Love's list'ning ear
Were the first accents of his tuneful tongue,
While thus his hallow'd words his spirits cheer.
“ Attend, fond boy ! and heav'n's high purpose hear ;
“ Which to disclose, thro' trackless bounds of space
“ Obedient thus my willing course I steer.
“ Attend, while now thy fate's decree I trace ;
“ Then rush to destin'd toils, which triumphs sure shall
 grace.

37.

“ Born to command and guide the Human Heart,
“ Set forth ; the glorious enterprize achieve,
“ To mortal woes a kindly balm impart,
“ And a new zest to man's existence give.
“ List, and observant the behest receive.
“ Where yon celestial orbs their courses run,
“ Seven planets mark, their mingled dance which weave
“ In due progression round their central sun :
“ Mark well the fifth of these, there must thy task be done.

38.

“Wake, slumbering Boy! thy new-found arms prepare;
“The world invites thee as it’s destin’d king:
“Fame weaves her wreaths for those who boldly dare,
“And deathless verse their enterprize shall sing.”
The Seraph ceas’d.—His outspread pinions fling
Fresh odours, and appear more dazzling bright,
When, as the air dividing, with a spring
To those blest regions he address’d his flight,
Where dwells the Godhead pure, father of life and light.

39.

Up started Love.—His deep suffused cheek
Confess’d the influence of his mounting blood,
Which rushing thro’ his veins appear’d to seek
A course more rapid for it’s hasten’d flood.
Sublime in native majesty he stood,
And on the weapons which before him lay
Gaz’d with delight: no more in pensive mood,
But, with a spirit buoyant now and gay,
Eager thro’ trackless space to wing his destin’d way.



GOING IN SEARCH OF THE WORLD.

40.

As when the youthful courser first 'gins feel
The inborn virtue of his gen'rous sire,
Nor biting whip he needs nor goading steel;
Ambitious energies his bosom fire,
No perils daunt him, no exertions tire:
The distant goal with proud disdain he eyes;
Ere yet the signal's heard, his hopes aspire
To win from all competitors the prize:
Nought can his ardour check; o'er hill, o'er dale he
flies.

41.

So felt young Love, so beat his panting heart,
Assur'd of conquest, and on fame intent;
With graceful confidence he grasp'd his dart,
And archly smiling his strong bow he bent.
New-cherish'd hope an unknown vigour lent.
His out-spread pinions of celestial dye,
With tints of varied loveliness besprent
Awhile he shook; then mounting swift on high,
Exulting rode on air, and shot across the sky.

42.

The strong impressions of his dream remain.
The same ambitious hopes his bosom fill ;
His course he urges o'er th' ethereal plain,
And bends his flight obedient to his will.
On his appointed planet fixing still
His watchful eye, thro' countless worlds he steer'd,
Transported thus to prove his new-learnt skill.
His little bark no shoals nor tempests fear'd,
For yet no lightnings flash'd, no thunders loud were
heard.

43.

As onward thus thro' heav'n's wide fields he flew,
Cutting the yielding air with pinions fleet,
The guardian spirits of each planet knew
Th' immortal boy, and circling round him meet.
Still as he pass'd, with gratulation sweet
They hail'd the stranger, and with heav'nly song
The Lord of Harmony celestial greet.
The ample chorus, rich, sublime, and strong,
Floats on the gale, and thro' wide space is borne along.

44.

Cheer'd by th' attendant choir he still advanc'd :
And now his destin'd planet seem'd more near.
As o'er it's varying face his eye he glanc'd,
A rich succession of delights appear.
Scarce can his sense creation's beauties bear :
For then the world was young ; the vig'rous earth,
Rejoic'd spring's universal garb to wear,
To ev'ry flower and every fruit gave birth,
And all was joy and peace, security and mirth.

45.

Man then existed not—Ungrateful Man !
With pow'rs to spread o'er all creation joy,
To crown the great creator's sacred plan,
Why will thine hand the gen'ral bliss alloy,
Why wilt thou nature's harmony destroy ?
Th' appointed master of all things below,
To cherish, not to spoil, thy force employ !
Ah ! let thine heart with soft compassion glow,
Nor reign in sullen state humanity's stern foe !

46.

Arriv'd within Earth's atmospheric bound
No more his pinions wav'd. His course direct
Now first Attraction's sov'reign influence found,
That law which all created things respect.
Attraction's dictates ne'er might Love neglect,
For on Attraction's pow'r depends his own:
By that alone can he the course inflect
Of wand'ring hearts, by that his sway is shewn,
His altars burn, and far translucent shines his throne.

47.

On earth's revolving ball intent he gaz'd,
And hail'd with ecstasy the changeful scene;
Wide-rolling seas his admiration rais'd,
While lay extended continents between,
Array'd in tints of various brown and green,
Four widely sever'd—Europe's temp'rate clime,
Of arts and sciences the destin'd queen;
Afric's wild coast, and Asia's stretch sublime,
And vast Columbia's length, conceal'd till future time.

48.

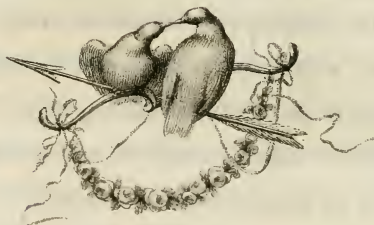
As he approach'd, his prospects gay improve.
In rich disorder lay unnumber'd Isles,
O'er which his raptur'd eyes discursive rove.
The new delight repays his past-gone toils,
And for the moment present hope beguiles.
Whate'er of beauty could his fancy draw,
Adorn'd with blooming loveliness and smiles
And nature's prodigality, he saw :
His soul their charms confess'd, and bow'd with conscious awe.

49.

But soon, amid the widely scatter'd throng,
A far sequester'd Island met his sight,
Against the adverse coast embattled strong,
And fenc'd with ramparts of portentous height,
Displaying to the sun their dazzling white,
Th' instinctive impulse which his course did guide
Now fill'd his bosom with a new delight,
Taught him 'twas there his pow'rs must be applied,
And there his banner wave in guiltless conquest's pride.

50.

No more he balanc'd. To attraction's sway
Himself he boldly trusts. Not swifter flies
From heav'n to earth the bright meridian ray,
Or shoots the ev'ning meteor thro' the skies
When vapours gross from stagnant marshes rise.
At his approach the lovely scene expands;
Before him all fair Albion's beauty lies :
On a high cliff with light descent he lands,
And first on Britain's shores the world's great master
stands.





ALIGHTING ON THE WORLD.



THE BIRTH AND TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CANTO II.

1.

HIGH on a cliff, whose threat'ning brow o'erhung
Stern in majestic solitude the deep,
Young Love exulting stood. The babbling tongue
Of slow-receding waves seem'd hush'd in sleep,
As murm'ring lowly they soft cadence keep
With the mild gale that o'er their surface play'd.
The mingled concert stole along the steep,
And, o'er reposing nature as it stray'd,
Sooth'd the last ling'ring rays while flitting into shade.

2.

The distant hills with brightness still were crown'd,
While thin blue mists across the vallies flew,
Skirting with humid veil the teeming ground,
To meet the tribute of descending dew.
One general calm repose creation knew.
Meantime, slow rising from her wat'ry bed,
The silver'd moon, expanding to his view,
Her sober light on the chaste landscape shed,
And o'er th' enchanting scene her placid radiance
spread.

3.

And, scatter'd thickly o'er the wide expanse,
Their various course pursuing, orbs of light
Harmonious weave their unconfused dance,
Dart thro' the gloom their coruscations bright,
Heaven's face enrich, and decorate the night.
Their great creator's mandate they obey,
Declare his wisdom, and proclaim his might,
While, widely ranging thro' their trackless way,
In solemn state they move and orderly array.

4.

Rapt in sublime delight Love wond'ring gaz'd,
In all his works confessing nature's lord.
As to his throne his grateful thoughts he rais'd,
The mighty source of being he ador'd,
Who from wild chaos, by his pow'rful word,
The mass inert with active life endow'd.
To heav'n his sympathetic spirit soar'd,
Felt the full influence whence such blessings flow'd,
And, as its sway he own'd, in mute submission bow'd.

5.

Now, gliding from her high exalted course,
Her ray oblique the moon descending cast;
Th' attendant planets, with diminished force,
Less brightly shone as thro' heav'n's field they pass'd:
And now, soft tinging the horizon vast,
Th' awak'ning dawn with modest lustre gleam'd;
Now, o'er the eastern hills encroaching fast,
The jocund day with new-born radiance beam'd,
Gilded the laughing plains, and o'er the vallies stream'd.

6.

And soon, his golden tresses waving high,
The mounting sun his dazzling orb unveil'd :
From his resplendent chamber thro' the sky
Conscious of proud pre-eminence he sail'd.
Enraptur'd Love his genial influence hail'd ;
And, as from earth's wide surface odours sweet
Ascending fast his ravish'd sense regal'd,
With ardour yet unfelt his bosom beat
Of his advent'rous course the purpose to complete.

7.

Nor longer stays he—With elastic spring
See him with outspread plumes his progress trace.
Now, borne aloft, he soars on rapid wing,
And views expanded lovely nature's face :
Now, curious to inspect each softer grace,
He swims on liquid æther, and surveys
The many-tinted gems which earth enchase
While the gay sun-beam on the dew-drop plays.
Hills, dales, woods, streams unite to sing their Maker's
praise.

8.

Then, as again he held his airy way,
A far-extending forest he survey'd,
Where interlacing boughs shut out the day,
And mantling form'd a close impervious shade;
Save where, amid the brakes, some op'ning glade,
With path circuitous and wildly bending,
A brighter green and livelier tints display'd;
Now level, rising now, and now descending,
From the contrasted gloom now borrowing charms, now
lending.

9.

As with unerring constancy endued
The mystic magnet vibrates tow'rds it's pole,
So, while entranc'd th' alluring scene he view'd,
He felt new inspiration fire his soul.
When as it's influence o'er his senses stole
Prompting the forest's deep recess to try,
He bow'd obedient to the strong control;
Then, swiftly gliding from his station high,
Rush'd on, resolv'd to trace what myst'ry there might
lie.

10.

O'er the enamell'd herbage and rich sod
His light foot bounded: the gay flow'ret's head
Beneath his footsteps scarcely seem'd to nod;
Half-press'd, it rose from his aërial tread,
And round his course its grateful odour shed.
Thro' mingling sweets he sought his devious way;
Aloft, thick waving branches overspread
And canopied his path; now shrouding day,
Now op'ning to admit the sun's enliv'ning ray.

11.

As onward tript the inexperienc'd boy,
Presumptuous fancies fill'd his tow'ring thought,
That here at length his arms he might employ,
His new-found arms, from heav'nly regions brought.
Though still occasion fit in vain he sought,
Yet, confident of skill, his bow he bent,
Stretch'd tight the string, and the sharp arrow caught;
Aim'd at a branch with whizzing speed it went,
But flitting on one side defeated his intent.



MISTAKES HIS MARK.



IN VEXATION BREAKS HIS BOW.

12.

Love disappointed blush'd with conscious shame ;
But, quickly snatching up the erring dart,
He tried again to take a surer aim,
Redeem his fault, and vindicate his art :
Again he suffers disappointment's smart,
For still more wide its flight the arrow takes.
Vexation rankles in his swelling heart,
Pride mix'd with anger in his bosom wakes,
And lost to reason's sway his luckless arms he breaks.

13.

On the wide scatter'd fragments with disdain
The wayward Boy his eye indignant glanc'd,
While o'er his mind imaginations vain,
From headstrong folly sprung, tumultuous danc'd ,
Passion's unhallow'd touch his soul entranc'd,
Spreading her murky vapour. Through the glade
Stubborn and unreflecting he advanc'd ;
And, as with quick and troubled step he stray'd,
An oft reverted look his deep distress betray'd.

14.

Yet persever'd he still: and now the wood
Disclos'd a verdant mead, diverging wide,
Through which, soft rolling its untroubled flood,
Was seen a pure pellucid streamlet glide.
O'er the smooth lawn, with hues enchanting dy'd,
Loose scatter'd trees display'd their various grace,
Waving their high boughs with becoming pride;
While, skirting all the vale, from turfy base
Slow rising hills their bold and craggy outline trace.

15.

The mild majestic scene his senses charm'd;
And, as he view'd, his inly-labouring breast,
With placid joy and mute devotion warm'd,
Regain'd some portion of its wonted rest.
But conscious shame forbad him to be blest:
Still as his eye the lovely landscape cross'd,
Recurring thought his mad offence confess'd;
The gladd'ning scene its fond attraction lost,
His agitated soul in floods of doubt was tost.

16.

But beauty, spite of inward wo, will please,
And calm the troubled spirit. Mix'd with pain
Such gentle bliss Love felt, such soothing ease,
That his aspiring fancy once again
Pictur'd he might his cherish'd hope attain :
When sudden cross his path disporting flew,
Or seem'd to fly, along the verdant plain,
An undefined form of sanguine hue,
Which sometimes seem'd to court, sometimes to shun
his view.

17.

It's tap'ring point now lightly skimmed the ground,
Half-hid beneath the herbage; while above
Its broad unequal surface, smooth and round,
With shadowy wings in wanton sport would rove
Thro' all the varied windings of the grove.
Not far remote a kindred form was straying,
Of equal power from place to place to move,
Yet for the other's near approach ne'er staying,
But still in diff'rent lines and sep'rate orbits playing.

18.

As when the sportsman gay at early dawn
Would first his uninstructed pointer try,
Heedless he sweeps the dew-drop from the lawn,
And wakes the morn with loud unmeaning cry;
But when, the covey's haunt approaching nigh,
The pow'rful scent his nerve congenial feels,
He stops—he stands with foot extended high,
Th' instinctive impulse o'er his senses steals,
And all the inborn worth of his descent reveals.

19.

Such was th' effect, when first with wond'ring eyes
And palpitating breast the Hearts Love view'd.
By instinct led he claimed them as his prize :
Where'er they flitting mov'd he quick pursued ;
But still their skittish bounds his grasp elude.
'Twas now, when turning round to seize his bow,
He saw it scatter'd in confusion rude,
That first he felt contrition's bitter throe,
Prov'd how severe his loss, how infinite his woe.



MEETS A HEART.



WEEPS FOR THE LOSS OF HIS BOW & ARROW.

20.

Dejected and forlorn to earth he bow'd,
Confess'd his error and his fault bewail'd.
As his full heart sad recollections crowd,
With either hand his blushing cheeks he veil'd ;
Then with repentant tears high heaven assail'd,
Invoking meekly the indulgent pow'r,
Who ne'er to aid the truly contrite fail'd,
Whose hand protects us in affliction's hour,
When o'er our suff'ring souls dark threat'ning tempests
lour.

21.

Nor was his pray'r for mercy breath'd in vain.
While still in agonizing doubt he stood,
While goaded still by harsh reflection's pain
And sharp remembrance of rejected good
He wept his foolish haste, a brilliant flood
Of heav'n-descending splendor cheer'd his sight :
With holy dread appear'd to shake the wood ;
A distant thunder roll'd ; and lightnings bright
Play'd thro' th' unclouded sky and shot their harmless
light.

22.

Love stood in transport fix'd and silent awe :
He hop'd for pardon, and he look'd for aid,
When, thro' the trackless fields of air, he saw
Two Dove-like forms, in snow-white plumes array'd,
Their fanning pinions to the winds display'd,
Tow'rds him their course direct. Approaching nigh
Above his head a circling flight they made :
Now tending downwards wantonly they fly,
And now with rapid force they court their native sky.

23.

But what was Love's delight, his joy how vast,
When, as each winged messenger descended,
When as with chasten'd course he near him pass'd,
Or quiv'ring hung as if his flight were ended,
To see from each in airy gripe suspended
A Dart and Bow ? His eyes new joy express'd,
And spoke the transports which his heart distended ;
Ecstatic dreams his eager fancy bless'd
Of triumphs doom'd to grace his high predestin'd quest.



and the engraver of the plates is the artist of the book and the artist of the book

HIS ARMS RESTORED.



SHARPENING HIS ARROWS.



STRINGING HIS BOW.

24.

The Doves, now gently sinking to the ground,
In humble guise to Love their homage pay ;
And, as with flutt'ring wing they hover round,
Before his feet his arms restor'd they lay.
With smiles, than op'ning spring more sweet and gay,
He thank'd the lovely bearers : then with pride
His weapons caught. Impatient to assay
Their potent force, his arrow's point he tried,
And to his yielding bow the well-stretch'd cord applied.

25.

Thus, when by driving storms or foul neglect
On some concealed rock or unknown sand
The richly laden ship is nearly wreck'd,
Aghast with fear the mariners all stand,
'Till, when directed by the master's hand,
Some friendly harbour she at length attain ;
Then, when repair'd her wrongs, her timbers scann'd,
Boldly she ventures on her course again,
Spreads her extended sails, and proudly cuts the main.

26.

To heav'n his warm thanksgiving duly paid,
For action Love prepar'd. Ascending high
With rapid pinion, thro' each winding glade,
And o'er the spreading plain he turn'd his eye,
Searching if there the wand'ring Hearts might lie.
His doubtful glances long in vain he cast,
Long heav'd his bosom with an anxious sigh ;
At length, far distant and receding fast,
Their flitting forms he spied, as o'er the mead they
pass'd.

27.

Tow'rds them with eager haste his flight he bends,
And fondly hopes to seize his new-found prey ;
But when, as near approaching them he tends,
Mocking his toils, the Hearts in wanton play
With still superior swiftness glide away,
And thus his purpose oft renew'd defeat.
But nought his resolute pursuit can stay ;
Boldly he still expands his pinions fleet,
T' o'erpass their airy course, and stop their coy retreat.



RETURNING THANKS.

28.

Long doubtful was the strife—for many a mile,
O'er hill, o'er dale, the Boy maintains the chase ;
Yet still the Hearts his expectation foil,
And, as he urges the uncertain race,
With doubled speed his efforts they disgrace.
But now behold the cheerful landscape change :
The long-drawn vale to rugged rocks gave place,
Which scatter'd wildly with confused range,
From antic base arose with summits bare and strange.

29.

High tow'ring far beyond his wild compeers,
With browner horror cloth'd, more rudely bold,
His insulated bulk a mountain rears,
Proud o'er subjected hills his sway to hold,
In sullen state and domination cold.
This rock, the Hill of Difficulty hight,
The all-refreshing sun-beam ne'er consol'd ;
In icy chains and snows eternal dight,
It frown'd with savage front and dread stupendous
height.

30.

To make it's state sequester'd more secure,
Around it's base far spread morasses deep
Foul-mantling stagnate. From their source impure
Thick noisome exhalations mount the steep,
And tow'rd's it's craggy summit circling creep,
Thro' which each precipice more rueful shew'd ;
While, from the long-collected vapour, weep
Unceasing show'rs, washing the drear abode
Where lurk the adder vile and solitary toad.

31.

It was a place where joy could never beam,
Where never calm contentedness could dwell ;
For all the woes that fancy e'er could dream,
And all the horrors of imagin'd hell,
Were here in colours strong depictur'd well.
The dire contagion tainted wide the air,
Binding the senses in mephitic spell ;
Shrouded in which, his engines to prepare
To entrap his luckless prey, sat brooding grim Despair.



ARRIVES AT THE HILL OF DIFFICULTY.

32.

When as attentively the Hearts he sought,
At distance first young Love the rock survey'd,
Its horrid grandeur his attention caught.
His flight awhile unconsciously he stay'd,
While o'er the scene his eye astonish'd stray'd :
But when the deep morass and vapoury gloom
Emitting fetid steams his sense dismay'd,
Appall'd and faint he dropp'd his ruffled plume,
Unable to proceed, or his fond chase resume.

33.

Not so the vigorous Hearts : their rapid flight
Nor wide morass, nor hill with vapours crown'd,
Nor the foul stench which thence arose, could fright.
Uncheck'd by all the prodigies around,
Upward they nimbly rise with wanton bound,
Nor stop they till the summit they achieve.
When his predestin'd prey escap'd Love found,
His loss he 'gan in silent anguish grieve,
While gushing floods of tears his throbbing breast
relieve.

34.

Ah luckless Boy! feebly can yet thy skill
Thro' all it's range thine enterprize pursue!
How little can'st thou the capricious will
Of coy retiring beauty yet subdue!
Bold, when no obstacles impede thy view,
Abash'd, when round thee difficulties start,
Th' hast yet from suff'rings, from experience true,
And disappointment harsh, to learn the art
Which crowns our toils with bliss, and melts the stubborn heart.

35.

The first effusion of his sorrows past,
Love turn'd again to view the steep ascent.
On the high cliff full many a look he cast,
And tow'rds his prey full many a sigh he sent,
Sighs, which with anguish sharp his bosom rent:
More fully 'gan he then the rock explore,
And far and near his careful step he bent;
The anxious search increas'd his pain yet more,
For all was wild, abrupt, precipitous and hoar.



TURNS AWAY IN DESPAIR.

36.

Mounting, again to pierce the gloom he tries,
To gain the summit and his object seize,
But wayward fate again success denies :
The exhalations cold his pinions freeze,
And damp enshrouding vapours check the breeze,
As from the noxious pool they mounting roll.
Desponding Love no consolation sees ;
No expectations cheer his labouring soul,
No fondly promis'd joys Despair's approach control.

37.

The foul contagion now pervades his heart ;
His moody breast dark felon thoughts obscure :
With desp'rate hand he catches up his dart,
To end the pangs he can no more endure.
And now uplifted with intent impure
He held it pois'd, when, thro' the sky profound,
With rapid wing and destination sure,
A bright seraphic vision sought the ground,
And heav'nly sounds were heard, and splendours burst
around.

38.

Her pinions quiver'd as to earth she flew ;
And, as her outspread garments wav'd in air,
O'er nature's surface perfumes rich she threw,
Than all Arabia's vaunted stores more rare.
Disporting in the wind her golden hair
Her front with grace ineffable array'd ;
And in her hand she bore with seemly care
An Anchor broad, of heav'nly substance made,
Whose cord diffusive hung, and with the Zephyr play'd.

39.

'Twas Hope, kind charmer of the troubled mind ;
Whose fost'ring hand the soul oppress'd befriends,
From whom alone the wretch can succour find,
When with his prospects dark she brightness blends.
Tow'rd's Love her course the blooming Seraph bends ;
With genial smiles she soothes his cares to rest ;
And, while in wonder lost he mute attends,
New ardour fills his deeply conscious breast.
Hope joyous saw the effect, and thus the Boy address'd—



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18

MEETS WITH HOPE.

40.

“ Why dost thou thus in sullen sadness droop,
“ ‘Cause adverse clouds thy livelier prospect shade?
“ Why does thy sinking spirit tamely stoop,
“ If thy fond object by mischance be stay’d?
“ Again let constancy thy mind pervade:
“ Boldly once more thy destin’d effort make.
“ From heav’n I come commission’d to thine aid.
“ Then cease to weep, to manly deeds awake,
“ Resume thy fallen bow, thy prostrate arrow take.”

41.

She said:—His cheeks with conscious shame suffus’d,
His voice oppress’d and low, the Boy replied:
“ Ah! spare to chide a spirit self-accus’d,
“ Which from itself would fain its weakness hide.
“ Be thou my kind protectress and my guide:
“ I follow wheresoe’er thou lead’st.—But say,
“ How may my pinions, baffled erst, abide
“ The vapour’s force, or cut their eager way
“ Thro’ yon oppressive gloom, that veils the face of
day?”

42.

“ The vapour foul,” replied the Seraph bright,
“ Infects ’tis true the craggy mountain’s base,
“ And the thick gloom which intercepts thy sight
“ O’er the mid region has usurp’d a place ;
“ But see, beyond, attir’d in airy grace,
“ Splendid and gay the rock it’s summit rears.
“ Thro’ the thin void its varied beauties trace ;
“ Mark how the wanton Hearts deride thy tears,
“ Mock at thy weak despair, and profit by thy fears.

43.

“ Thine energies exert, thy fault retrieve
“ By worthy deeds. Indulge the impulse pure.
“ Celestial Boy ! this Anchor firm receive,
“ For mental pangs like thine the surest cure.
“ ’Tis Perseverance, Hope’s attendant sure,
“ Whose well-directed efforts best avail
“ To virtuous enterprize the soul t’ innure.
“ Then boldly mount aloft : Love ne’er can fail,
“ When Perseverance aids, and Hope directs the gale.”



ASCENDS THE HILL WITH HOPE.

44.

Scarce had she ended, when the raptur'd Boy
From her the mighty boon impatient caught,
Trusting he might it's sov'reign aid employ.
And now already his aspiring thought
The proud completion of his labours sought :
Grasping the Anchor fast his plumes he spreads,
And thro' the region with contagion fraught
Intrepid soars : while Hope her radiance sheds,
No circling fog he fears, no gloom oppressive dreads.

45.

When as his drooping wing, with labour spent,
Menac'd the purpose of his flight to foil,
Immortal Hope her favouring succour lent,
And cheer'd his doubtful labours with a smile.
Well could her looks benign his pains beguile.
And Perseverance, still intent to rise,
Rejoic'd to view his half-accomplish'd toil,
And with new vigour pointed to his prize.
Love soon surmounts the Gloom, and now thro' Æther
flies.

46.

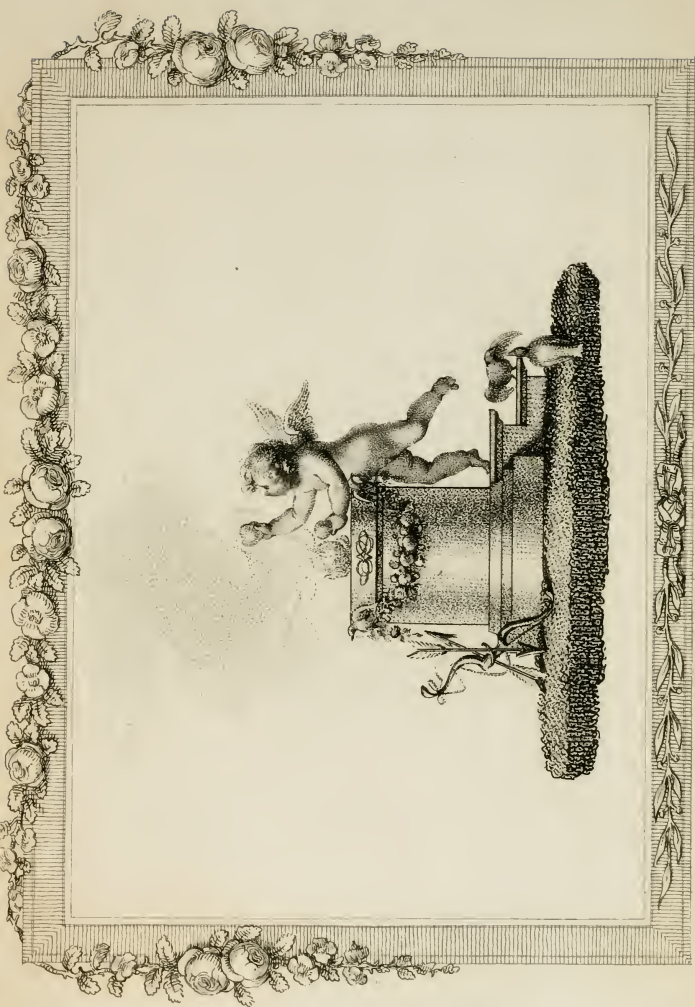
Nor ceas'd his bold career, till to the height
Where stood the vagrant Hearts he mounting rose.
With grateful joy he hail'd th' auspicious sight :
And now with gen'rous warmth his bosom glows,
As thro' each vein th' increasing ardour flows.
“ Kind Hope ! ” he cried, “ now grant thy succour due ;
“ Inspired by thee, no fear thy votary knows ! ”
Nor more.—With graceful force his bow he drew ;
Swift from the twanging cord his barbed arrow flew.

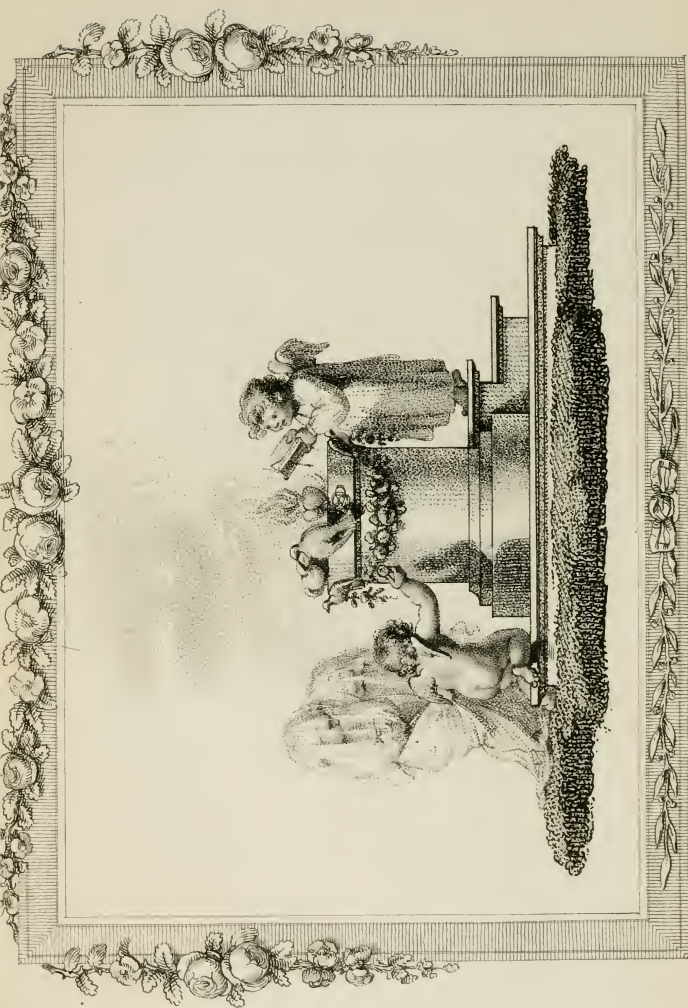
47.

Quick as the glancing lightning went the dart,
While Love in mute suspense it's course pursued.
But who can tell his joy, when either Heart
At once transfix'd his certain prize he view'd ?
Vanquish'd, no more their coy attempts elude
His anxious chase. He holds them as his own.
And now, his thanks sincere to Hope renew'd,
For favours great conferr'd and mercies shewn
His homage due he pays to heav'n's exalted throne.



RESTING ON HOPE STRIKES THE HEART.





UNITE THE HEARTS.

48.

On the broad height, with artless foliage graced,
His well-instructed hand an altar rear'd,
On which with care the captive Hearts he plac'd.
No blood-stain'd sacrifices there appear'd,
But herbs and incense pure the senses cheer'd.
Their odours sweet impregnated the gales,
While his triumphant song aloud was heard.
As smiling she the rite propitious hails,
Hope to his raptur'd eyes futurity unveils.

49.

“ O'er universal nature, heav'nly Boy !
“ Shall spread thy sway : of purest bliss the source,
“ Diffuse around thee never-ending joy,
“ Thro' the wide universe extend thy force,
“ Its laws direct and harmonize it's course.
“ Millions of willing slaves thy court shall throng,
“ Uncheck'd by guilty terrors or remorse,
“ Midst new delights shall boast thy influence strong,
“ And to Eternal Love raise high the grateful song.

50.

“ Yet, tho’ where nature holds her simple reign,
“ No pow’r usurping shall thy law confuse,
“ Think not that when, with innovations vain,
“ Society her sway shall introduce,
“ And full-grown passions shall the world abuse,
“ No adverse toils thy efforts shall impede.
“ For then shall wild Philosophy amuse
“ With sophisms vain; then shall her specious creed
“ Thro’ falsehood’s devious maze her erring vot’ries
 lead.

51.

“ Then shall confusion wide and anarchy
“ O’er revolution’d realms usurp their reign :
“ The pow’rs of darkness all abroad shall fly,
“ And with their rites obscene and sophisms vain
“ O’er madd’ning multitudes ascendance gain.
“ See—to another Love they altars raise!
“ As, circling round, the goblet deep they drain,
“ On the foul flame with impious zeal they gaze,
“ And with promiscuous voice the vile impostor praise.

52.

- “ And strange fantastic tricks that Boy shall play,
“ While to his rule the grov’ling herds submit.
“ Beauty to blear’d deformity shall pay
“ A def’rence base and homage most unfit;
“ And to broad-staring folly, sense and wit,
“ Compell’d by harsh injunction, shall be sold.
“ Well may content the genial couch then quit,
“ When charms and worth are truck’d for sordid gold,
“ And youth is doom’d to freeze in age’s bosom cold.

53.

- “ But fear not thou—Thy empire shall endure :
“ And, tho’ th’ impostor’s arts may still succeed
“ T’ extend his impious sway o’er hearts impure,
“ Be thine the task t’ inspire the virtuous deed,
“ To warm the gen’rous breast to gain the meed
“ And the rich trophy which, ere time was known,
“ For high desert the sov’reign voice decreed.
“ But chiefly Albion’s realm thy pow’r ahall own :
“ There thy dominion plant, there fix thy lasting throne.

54.

“ 'Tis there, where Reason's torch shall brightly flame,
“ And Freedom spread her genial radiance wide
“ To bless her sons with happiness and fame :
“ 'Tis there thou shalt in majesty reside,
“ A grateful nation's ornament and pride.
“ There, if Corruption rear her hateful head,
“ From time to time, to check th' envenom'd tide,
“ Propitious aid thy favouring hand shall shed,
“ And o'er thy lov'd domain thy cheering influence
spread.

55.

“ For this with care preserve the Hearts thy prize,
“ Whose conquest well has now repaid thy pain ;
“ With them triumphantly to heav'n arise :
“ There to remoter times shall they remain ;
“ Till, when at length thy rival shall attain
“ Dominion wide, and vice shall dauntless rove,
“ For virtue's aid to Britain sent again,
“ On her high throne examples shall they prove
“ Of pure unblemish'd faith, of constancy and love.



PREPARING FOR TRIUMPH.

56.

“ Long shall they flourish, long with gentle sway
“ O’er Britons blest shall last their mild command.
“ Around, their Offspring in superb array,
“ Their country’s future hope and pride, shall stand.
“ Of these a lovely Fair, with skilful hand,
“ And touch sublime, thy prowess shall record.
“ When the great subject shall by Her be plann’d,
“ The world enchanted shall behold it’s Lord
“ Pourtray’d with native grace, with all his charms
restor’d.”

57.

Entranc’d, Love heard the Seraph’s cheering voice.
Still hung its sound upon his list’ning ear,
Still did the vision bright his soul rejoice,
When, gliding thro’ the air serene, appear
His constant Doves. A chariot proud they bear,
Which o’er subjected clouds resplendent roll’d,
Of heav’nly substance form’d. Approaching near
It’s varied beauties by degrees unfold,
It’s rich pellucid gems and highly polish’d gold.

58.

With transport new his throbbing breast beat high ;
Aloft he soar'd, upborne on pinion fleet,
And rode triumphant thro' the yielding sky.
Him, as he flew, with gratulation sweet
And homage due his glad attendants greet.
Straight piled he up his Arms in trim array,
And plac'd his Hearts on the high chariot's seat :
Hope smiling spread her wings, and led the way
To realms of endless bliss and empyrean day.

59.

And now victorious Love the World forsook.
Yet, as thro' Æther's fields his course he bent,
Towards his loved Planet a departing look,
And an unconscious sigh he fondly sent.
But soon regret gave way to pure content :
For now the gates of Heaven far beaming shone,
Now thro' angelic hosts he joyful went,
His quest perform'd, his high achievement won,
To lay his glorious Prize before th' Eternal Throne.

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